

FT 2
83
15780

FT MEADE
GenColl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PZ8
Chap. *3* Copyright No. _____

Shelf *W3780*

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





BY

F.E. WEATHERLY

&

LINNIE WATT

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & CO.
39. West Twenty Third Street.

OUT
of

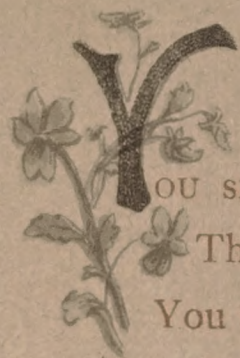


TOWN



OUT
OF
TOWN



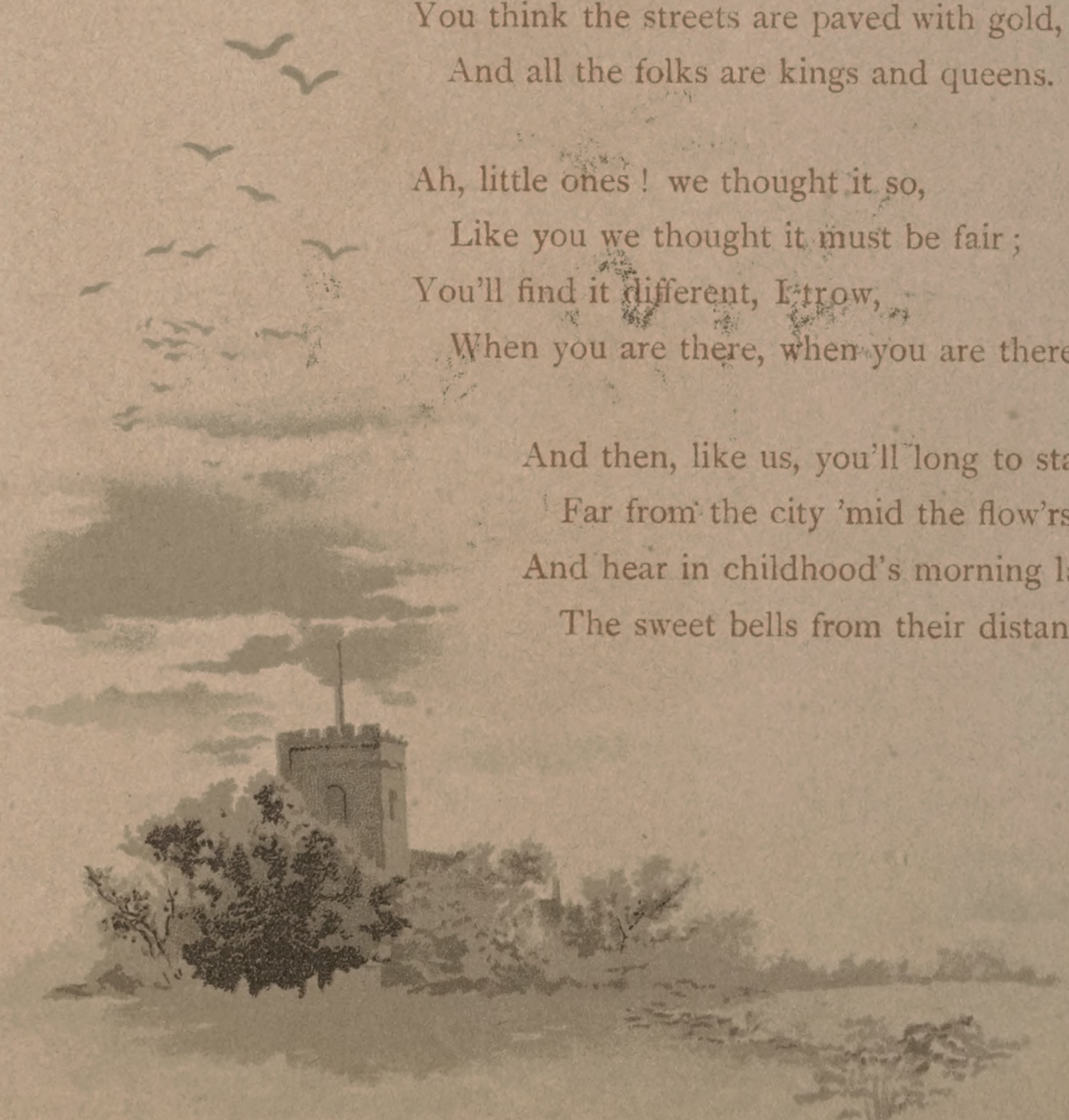


YOU sit and listen, little ones,
The far bells chiming through the flow'rs ;
You watch the busy road that runs
Towards the distant city tow'rs.

You wonder what the world can hold,
What life, with all its business, means ;
You think the streets are paved with gold,
And all the folks are kings and queens.

Ah, little ones ! we thought it so,
Like you we thought it must be fair ;
You'll find it different, I trow,
When you are there, when you are there.

And then, like us, you'll long to stand
Far from the city 'mid the flow'rs,
And hear in childhood's morning land
The sweet bells from their distant tow'rs.





OUT

OF

TOWN



✓ by
F. E. Weatherly

illustrated
in colour by
Linnie Watt

monotints by

Ernest Wilson

NEW YORK :
E. P. DUTTON & CO.,
39, WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

38
W378
O



W



PROLOGUE.



WHEN the pavements are baking, the streets all aglare,
And every one panting and gasping for air,
When the last patch of grass is all dusty and brown,
O to be anywhere out of the town :
Away from the bustle, the jostle, and jams,
The bands and the 'busses, the cabs and the trams,
The bawling and calling, the rush up and down—
Anywhere, anywhere out of the town.



Just to lie all the day in the grass by a stream,
With the noises of town like a far-away dream ;
With the low of the cows, and the hum of the flies,
(That is, if they keep from your nose and your eyes),
With some nice little children to sing and to play,
At a suitable distance, three meadows away ;
While the sole morning callers (O freedom from ills)
Are the dicky-bird-duns with their dear little bills.

When the summer is over and rain has begun,
And there's plenty of fog, and but little of sun ;
When the grass is too damp and the leaves at their fall,
And the dicky-birds' songs are beginning to pall ;
When Mudie's last volume is closed with a sigh,
And there's much that you're wanting, and nothing to buy :
Don't fancy you like it, don't stay there and frown,
But pack your portmanteau, and go back to town.

CONTENTS.



THE ECHO OF THE SONG, 2.
ANGELICA AP-JONES, 18. 19.



IN THE WOODS, 24.
MOTHER'S BLESSING, 20. 21.



PROLOGUE, 6. 7.
RAGGED ROBIN, 22. 23.
THE LONG AVENUE, 25.



MY LADY'S CLOTHES, 10. 11. 12.
TIMOTHY TOMKINS TUCK, 26. 27.



SUCK THUMB, 13.

PAMELA, 28. 29.



TUMBLE-DOWN DICK, 14. 15.
DAISY DILL, 30. 31.



BLUE BELL WOOD, 16. 17.
THE CHILDREN'S VOICES, 32. 33.



CONTENTS.



WIND AND SUNSHINE, 34, 35.

TWO O'CLOCK, 48.

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR, 49.

KISSING TIME, 50, 51.



GENTLEMAN JOHN, 36, 37.

THE FROG'S PHILOSOPHY, 52, 53.



MY TURN NEXT, 38, 39.

DOROTHY DUNN, 54, 55.



RIPE STRAWBERRIES, 40.

DAISIES, 56.



GARLAND DAY, 41.

BUTTERCUPS, 57.



FATHER'S BOAT, 42, 43.

THE DOLLS' SEASON, 58, 59.



RAKE'S CONFESSION, 44, 45.

THE TALE OF THE SEA, 60, 61.



"BO" TO A GOOSE, 46, 47.

REST, 62, 63.



MY LADY'S CLOTHES.

"Now what do you think of my lady's clothes,
My lady's clothes,
My lady's clothes,
What do you think of my lady's clothes,
For a summer day in the morning?"

My grandmother once wore clothes like those,
Clothes like those,
Clothes like those,
My grandmother once wore clothes like those,
When she went out in the morning.

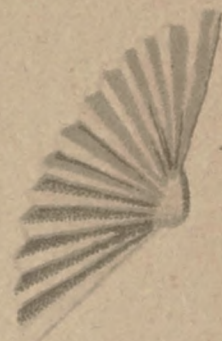
"Did ever you see such frills and bows,
Frills and bows,
Frills and bows,
Did ever you see such furbelows
For a summer day in the morning?"

O my grandmother once was drest like that,
Drest like that,
Drest like that,
With a very short waist and a coal-box hat,
When she went out in the morning.





"Now what do you think of her parasol,
Her parasol,
Her parasol?
Is it really meant to protect her poll
On a summer day in the morning?"

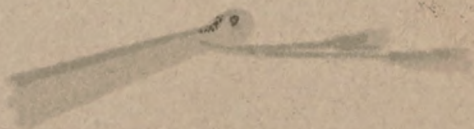


O it comes, I think, from far Japan
Far Japan,
Far Japan,
Made by a Japanese young man,
For a summer day in the morning.

And what is the reason that thus she goes,
Thus she goes,
Thus she goes,
All in her grandmother's furbelows
On a summer day in the morning?"



Because whatever is odd and old,
Odd and old,
Odd and old,
Is quite the fashion, as I've been told,
For any day in the morning.



SUCK THUMB.

WHO STANDS HERE ?

LITTLE SAMMY SUCK-HIS-THUMB ;
WITH A NAIL, I FEAR,
HE SURELY MUST HAVE
STUCK HIS THUMB ;

OR WHEN HE'S GOT
NICE PUDDING HOT,
HE SURELY WOULD NOT
SUCK HIS THUMB.

NO, SIR, NO,
IT IS NOT SO ;
HE HAS NOT HURT OR
STUCK HIS THUMB :
HE SIMPLY IS
A SULKY BOY,
WHO REALLY LIKES
TO SUCK HIS
THUMB.





TUMBLE-DOWN DICK.

TUMBLE DOWN DICK he could not go straight,
Brushed his hair with a coal-box and always was late,
Put his head thro' the windows and sat in the doors,
Thought the ceiling to walk on far better than floors.

So some one suggested this odd little elf
Had better go build him a house to himself,
Where his head might be broken, his fingers be squeezed,
And the doors be as crooked as ever he pleased.

So he took his wheelbarrow and spade in his hand,
And built him a tumble-down house on the sand;
And Tumble-down Dick in his tumble-down house,
For five minutes at least, was as still as a mouse.

O Tumble-down Dick, alack! well-a-day,
The tide came in quickly and washed it away,
And all that was left there, was one little stick
To tell the disaster of Tumble-down Dick.





BUT SOMEBODY TELLS ME
HE'S TURNED UP AGAIN :

AS RESTLESS AS EVER,

I NEED NOT EXPLAIN ;

BUT HE'S FAST GROWING FAMOUS,

AND WEALTHY, AND GRAND,

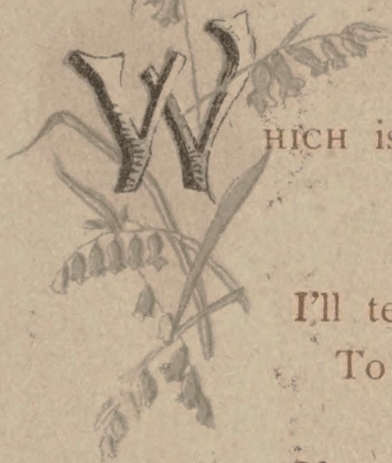
FOR THEY'VE MADE HIM THE

BUILDER OF

TUMBLE-DOWN-LAND.



BLUE BELL WOOD.



HIGH is the way to Blue Bell Wood?
To Blue Bell Wood?
To Blue Bell Wood?"

I'll tell you the way, if you'll be good,
To Blue Bell Wood in the morning.

If you will simply see next page,

See next page,

See next page,

You'll find the blue bells, I'll engage,
In Blue Bell Wood in the morning.

"If you please, kind sir, and how do you know?

How do you know?

How do you know?

Because the children told me so

As I came by in the morning.

"And will the children be there still?

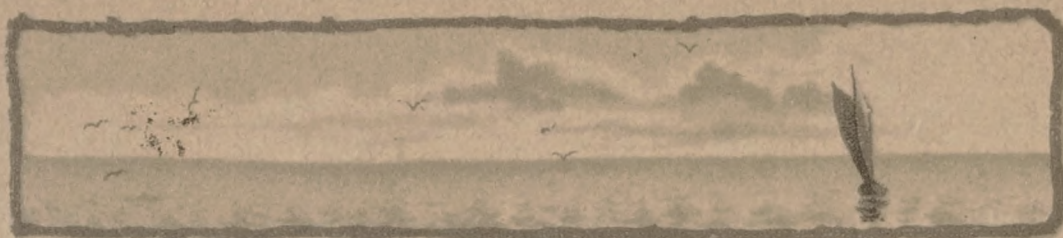
Be there still?

Be there still?"

I cannot tell, but I think they will,

In Blue Bell Wood in the morning.





ANGELICA AP-JONES.



CRAB was he of high degree, she met him on the strand,
“Good evening, little miss,” said he, and offered her his hand.
“I’m not a little miss,” she said, in most indignant tones ;
“My name is Miss Angelica—Angelica Ap-Jones.”

With that, a dark, deep hole she made upon the shining strand,
And put the crab in with her spade, and covered him with sand ;
She put him in, she piled it high and heaped it up with stones,
And danced upon it furiously—Angelica Ap-Jones.

“O let me out,” the crab did pray, “I die, if here I stop ;”
But wildly still Angelica kept dancing on the top.

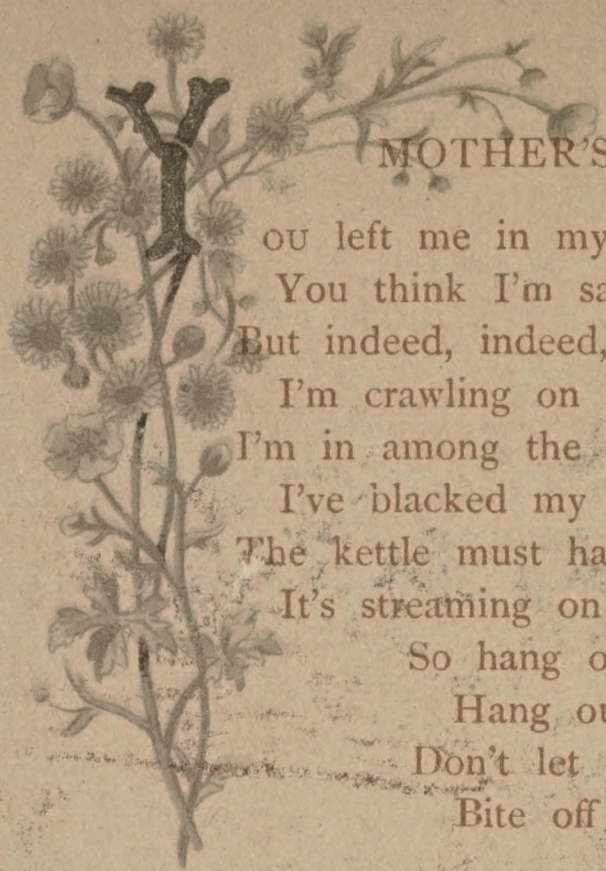
“O let him out,” a lobster said, “you’ll rue it if you don’t ;”
She only whacked him with her spade, and shouted, “No, I won’t.”

And fainter grew the pleading tones, and higher rose the sea,
While Miss Angelica Ap-Jones kept dancing heedlessly ;
It rose, it rose above her toes, it rose up to her chin,
Alack, alack, the piteous plight Angelica was in.





THE MORAL OF THIS
STORY IS NOT
HARD TO UNDERSTAND : DON'T BURY CRABS
AND LOBSTERS WHEN YOU MEET
THEM ON THE SAND ;
DON'T DANCE UPON
THEM FURIOUSLY, DON'T COVER THEM
WITH STONES,
OR YOU
MAY GET A DUCKING,
LIKE ANGELICA AP-JONES.



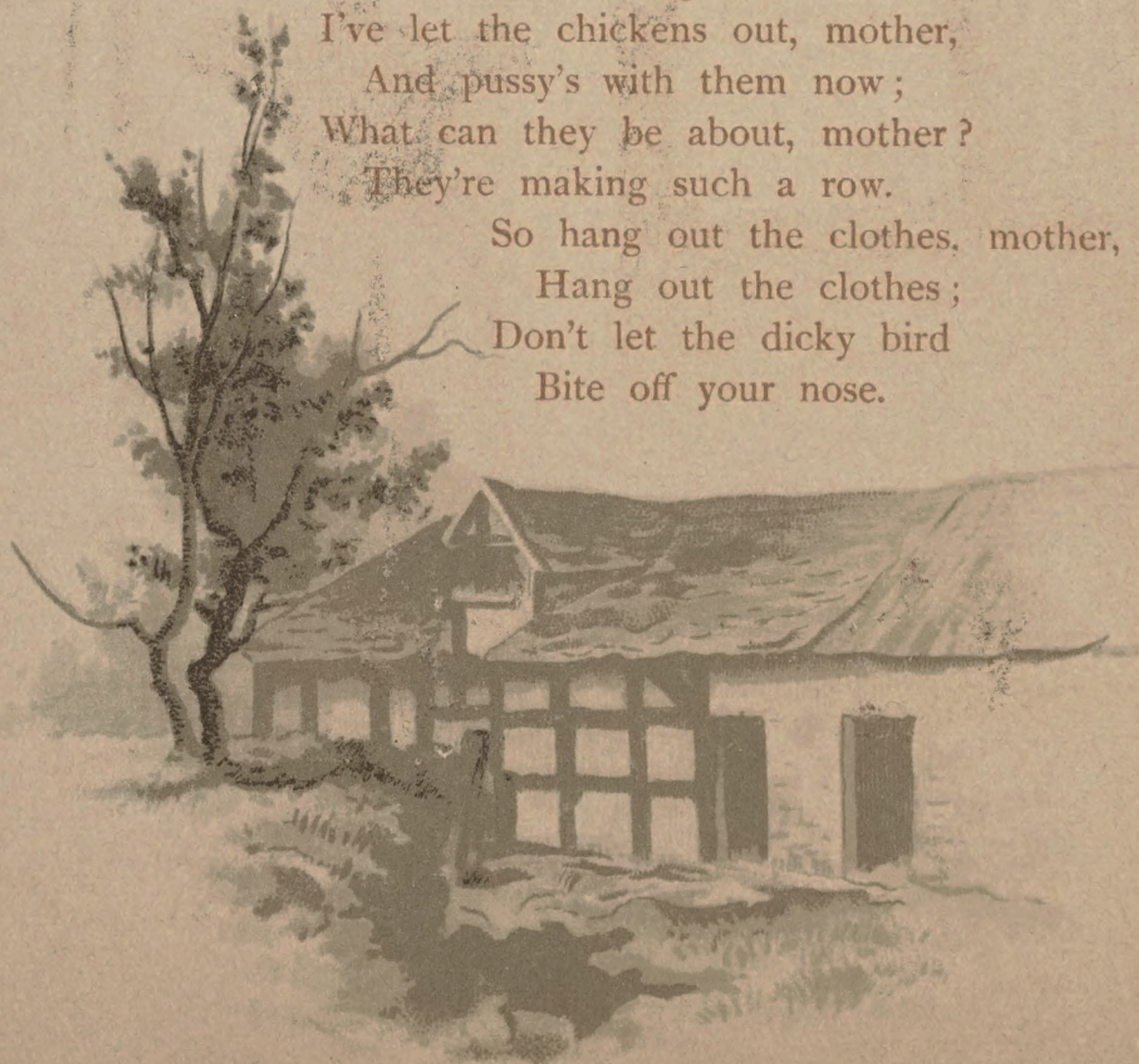
MOTHER'S BLESSING.

You left me in my cot, mother,
You think I'm safe and sound;
But indeed, indeed, I'm not, mother,
I'm crawling on the ground.
I'm in among the coals, mother,
I've blacked my face all o'er;
The kettle must have holes, mother,
It's streaming on the floor.

So hang out the clothes, mother,
Hang out the clothes;
Don't let the dicky bird
Bite off your nose.

The fire is getting low, mother,
I've got some matches here,
I soon shall make it go, mother,
You'll find it bright and clear.
I've let the chickens out, mother,
And pussy's with them now;
What can they be about, mother?
They're making such a row.

So hang out the clothes, mother,
Hang out the clothes;
Don't let the dicky bird
Bite off your nose.





RAGGED ROBIN.

TRAMP! tramp! tramp!

Till his feet are weary and sore,
He is only a little scamp,
Driven from door to door.

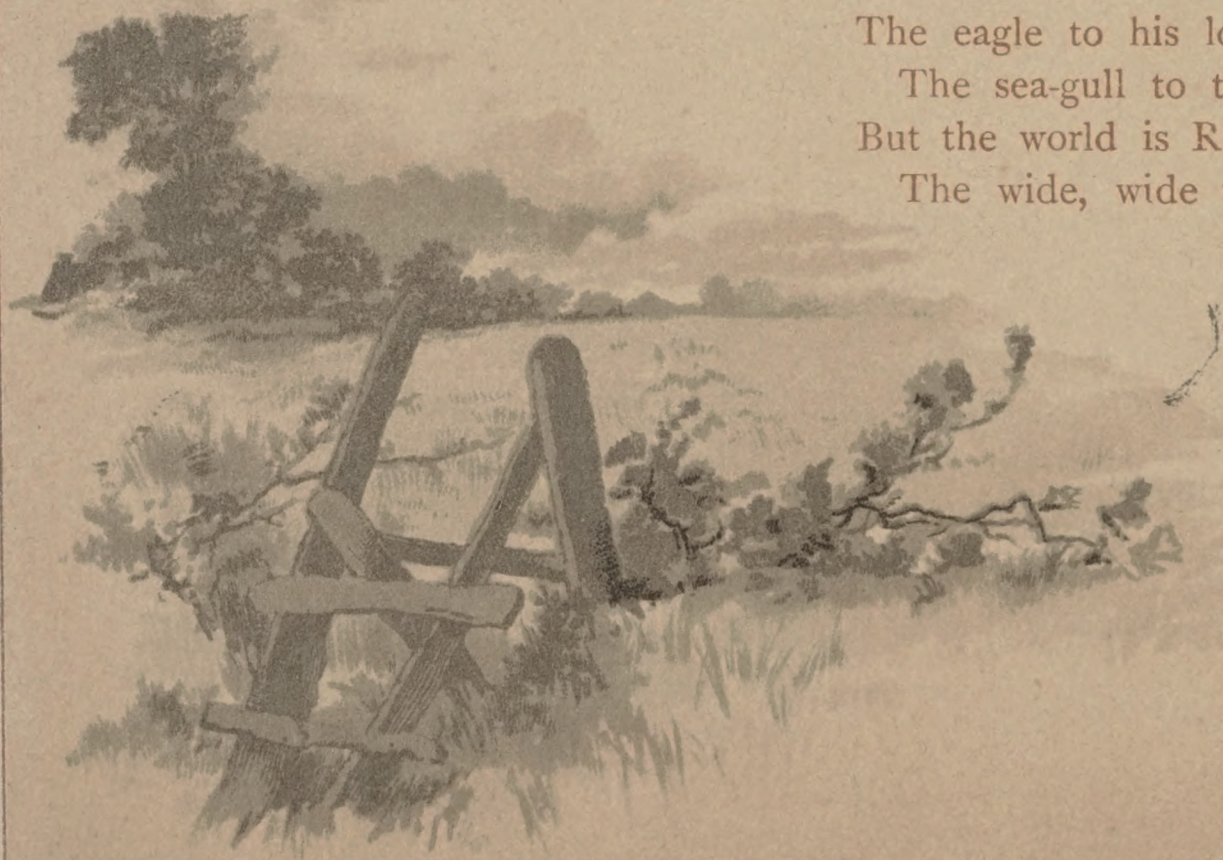
Curled in a barn at night,
Kicked from the barn at morn,
Shivering, faint, and white,
Ragged, and cold, and torn.

The eagle to his lofty nest,
The sea-gull to the foam;
But the world is Ragged Robin's rest,
The wide, wide world his home.

You that call him a scamp,
And drive him away from your door
How would you like to tramp
Till your feet were weary and sore?
Why is it he must roam?

Why is it you can rest?
You with your happy home,
He with a ditch at best.

The eagle to his lofty nest,
The sea-gull to the foam;
But the world is Ragged Robin's rest,
The wide, wide world his home.





W

AH, WHO CAN TELL US WHY?

WE MUST LEAVE THE RIDDLE ALONE.

BUT DO NOT LET HIM GO BY,

HE HAS A HEART LIKE YOUR OWN.

GIVE HIM A LITTLE LOVE,

AND HIS LIFE WILL BE LESS SORE.

'TIS THE SAME HEAVEN ABOVE,

LIES FOR YOU BOTH IN STORE,

THE EAGLE TO HIS LOFTY NEST

THE SEA-GULL TO THE FOAM

THIS WORLD IS RAGGED ROBIN'S REST:

BUT NOT, BUT NOT, HIS HOME!



IN THE WOODS.

IN the heart of the town
The streets are ringing,
And many the toiling
And weary feet ;
But deep in the woods
The birds are singing,
And all is peaceful
And pure and sweet.

Back to the town,
To the din and shadows,
With a peace that passes
The power of words,
I carry the breath
Of the country meadows,
And deep in my heart
The song of the birds.



THE LONG AVENUE.

Down the long avenue, down the long avenue,
Children at play in the morning sun ;
They have no fear for the fast-coming years,
Not a sigh of regret for what is gone.

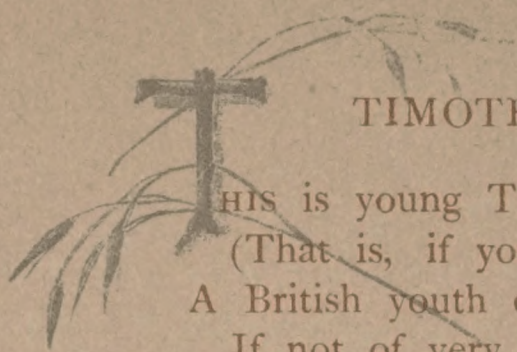
Down the long avenue, down the long avenue,
Striving of labour and rush of feet,
While hand in hand the young lovers stand,
Unheeding it all in their dreamings sweet.

Down the long avenue, down the long avenue
Slowly together the old folks roam,
Life it is sweet to their tottering feet,
For it tenderly leads to a peaceful home.

Life is an avenue, life is an avenue,
Strife in it, peace in it, shade and sun ;
Heav'n give us rest in the land that is best,
When all of our wearyful days are done.





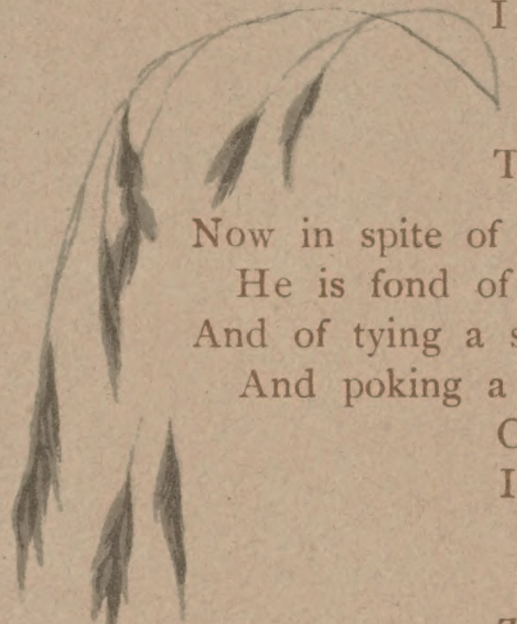


TIMOTHY TOMKINS TUCK.

HIS is young Timothy Tomkins Tuck
(That is, if you'll "see next page"),
A British youth of excellent pluck,
If not of very great age.



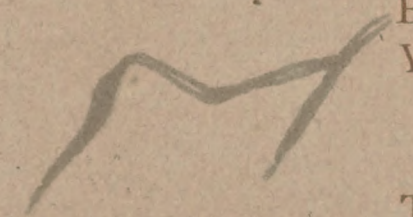
O Timothy Tomkins Tuck,
I sincerely admire your pluck ;
I wish we'd a few
More fellows like you,
Timothy Tomkins Tuck !



Now in spite of Timothy's innocent looks,
He is fond of annoying a fly,
And of tying a string round a cockchafer's wing,
And poking a pussy-cat's eye.

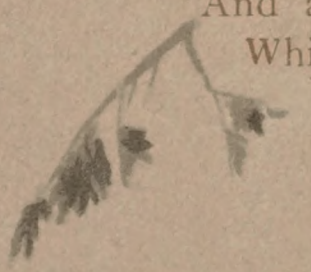
O Timothy Tomkins Tuck,
I sincerely admire your pluck ;
The world has so few
Brave fellows like you,
Timothy Tomkins Tuck.

A couple of ducks came over a field,
A very fat couple were they ;
Said Timothy Tuck 'twere excellent luck
To have them for dinner to-day.



But Timothy Tomkins Tuck,
You never will shoot a duck,
Unless you have got
A gun and some shot,
Timothy Tomkins Tuck.

Said the ducks with a wink, "I really don't think
Master Tomkins will catch us to-day,"
And all he could do was just to say "Shoo,"
While they merrily waddled away.



So Timothy Tomkins Tuck
Went home without a duck,
And as for the rest,
He'll tell it you best,
Timothy Tomkins Tuck !



PAMELA.

PRETTY LITTLE PAMELA,
PAUSING ON THE BRINK,
FEARS TO WET HER PETTICOATS,
STOPS AWHILE TO THINK;
MEDITATES AND PONDERES,
TURNS AND TURNS ABOUT,
TILL HIGH AND DRY IS PAMELA,
AND THE TIDE IS OUT.

PAMELA.

So it was, when to her side
Many a wooer stept,
Pamela was prudent,
Looked before she leapt;
Looked so very long, in fact,
Paused and pondered on,
That high and dry was Pamela,
And the lovers gone.

When she used to paddle,
Is thirty years ago;
Pamela is altered
Very much, you know;
Much objects to paddling,
Cannot stand a noise;
If there's one thing she detests
It's little girls and boys:



Looks upon them half, in fact,
As crocodiles or whales;
Never gives them bread and jam,
Never tells them tales;
Thinks they ought to be at school,
Always still and trim,
For Pamela, the prudent,
Is Pamela, the prim!





CLIMB ALONG, TIME ALONG,
SWEET DAISY DILL,
YOU'LL SOON BE ALL SAFE AT THE
TOP OF THE HILL.

DAISY DILL.

C LIMB along, time along, sweet Daisy Dill,
'Tis a long way to the top of the hill,
And the road is so rough, and the sun in the skies
Makes little Daisy Dill blink her blue eyes.
But climb along, time along, sweet Daisy Dill,
You'll soon be all safe at the top of the hill.

Climb along, time along, sweet Daisy Dill,
Now she's at last at the top of the hill ;
Tired ! yes, of course she is ; glad just to rest,
And look back to the valley she's left in the west
Tired ! but it's worth it, my sweet Daisy Dill,
To be really at last at the top of the hill.

And life, like your journey, my sweet Daisy Dill,
Is a very long pull up a very steep hill,
And some reach the top and some of us never,
Although we go toiling and struggling for ever ;
Never mind ; we'll still struggle ; 'tis far better so
Than to die in a ditch in the valley below.





THE CHILDREN'S VOICES.

AILY sound the children's voices,
Homeward from the hills they go,
Bearing many a flower to brighten
Yonder nestling homes below.

Breast high thro' the waving bracken,
Gaily down the fields they run,
Like a band of dancing fairies
Floating from a morning sun.

Came the children to the churchyard,
Little lips no more can sing,
For they stood where one was lying
Who had played with them last Spring.

Then they twined their flowers together,
Gazed, and kissed them o'er and o'er;
Laid them on the little headstone,
Saying, "*We* can gather more!"





W

BLOW, WIND, BLOW,

MOTHER'S CAP'S AWRY :

SHINE, SHINE, BABY MINE.

SUNSHINE BY-AND-BY.

WIND AND SUNSHINE.

Blow, wind, blow !

Wind across the shore ;

Father's waiting,

Baby mine,

Waiting at the door !

Blow, wind, blow !

All the world's awry ;

Soon or late

'Twill all be straight,

Sunshine by-and-by.

Nothing hurts,

Nothing harms,

All in vain

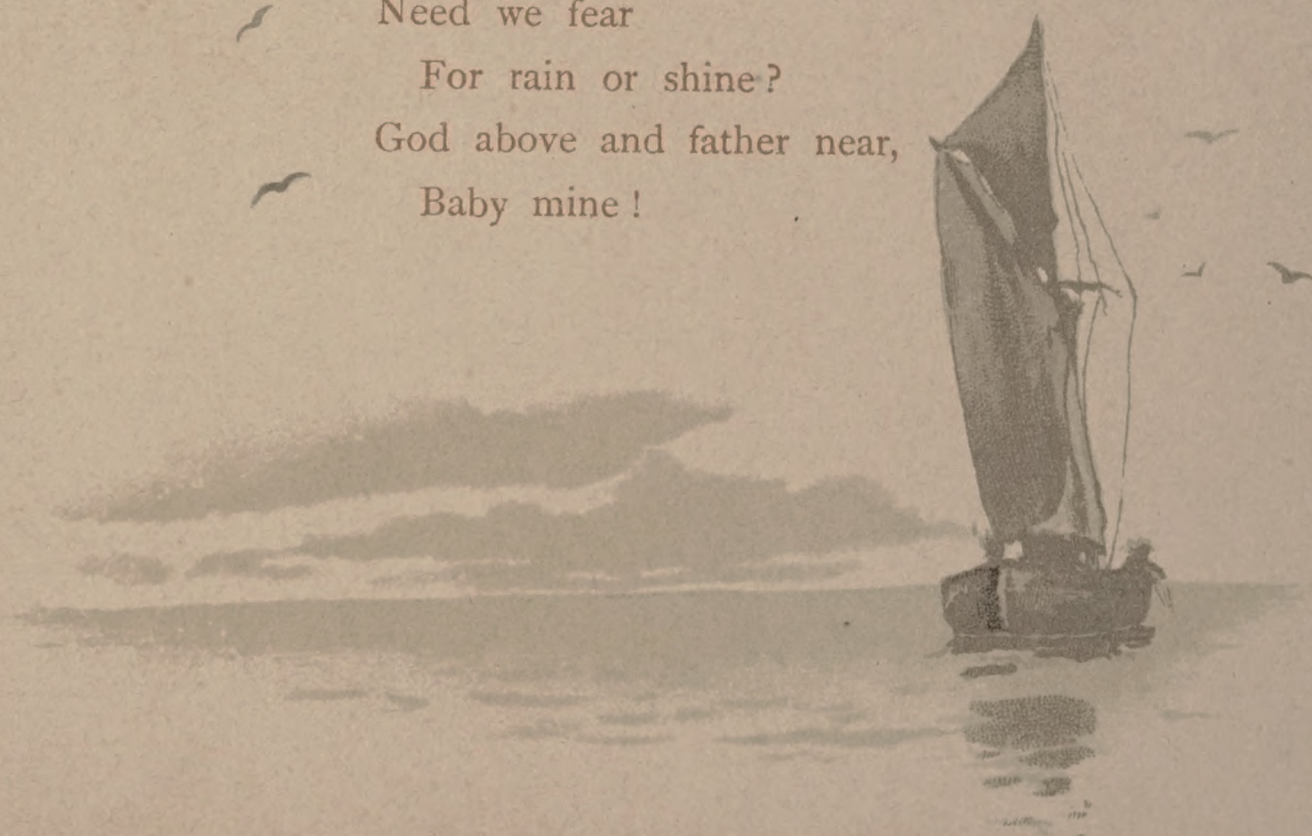
The world's alarms.

Need we fear

For rain or shine ?

God above and father near,

Baby mine !





GENTLEMAN JOHN.

YOU'VE only a fustian coat, my lad,
You sleep upon straw, maybe ;
When my lord goes by, it makes you sad,
You want to be rich as he.
You hate to be called a son of the soil,
You'd like to be gentleman born ;
Never to want and never to toil,
And never go tattered and torn.
But broadcloth or fustian, what you've got on,
Never will make you a gentleman, John.

'Tis not the honest brown dirt, my lad,
Makes a man's hand unclean ;
'Tis what he does that is base and bad,
'Tis what is cruel and mean.
Don't be ashamed of your coat or your toil,
Each has his work to do,
Loyally, faithfully stick to the soil,
And you'll be a gentleman too.
'Tis what you have *in* you, not what you have *on*,
That ever will make you a gentleman, John.



MY TURN NEXT.

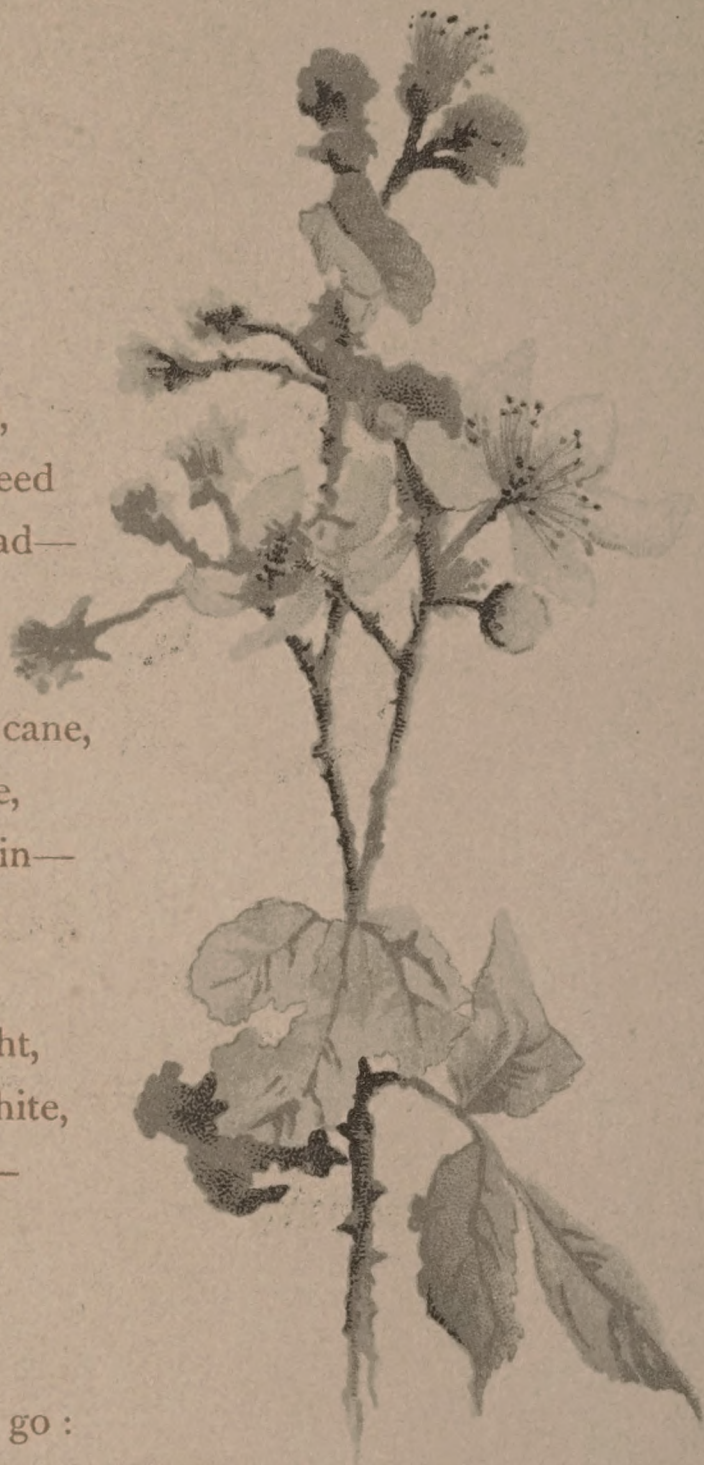
MY TURN NEXT.

'Tis sad, but oh, 'tis true indeed,
When Alec swings he will not heed
Two little eyes and lips that plead—
“*My* turn next.”

When Doctor Whackem gets his cane,
And calls up little Tommy Payne,
Augustus knows—the truth is plain—
“*His* turn next.”

When baby has some jam at night,
With something from a packet white,
Miss Mabel understands it quite—
“*Her* turn next.”

Ah, little ones! with us 'tis so,
We know that soon we all must go:
And so we wonder, whispering low—
“*Whose* turn next?”





RIPE STRAWBERRIES.

THREE LITTLE MAIDENS,
AS I'VE HEARD TELL,
THEY WENT TO MARKET,
STRAWBERRIES TO SELL;
WHEN THEY CAME TO MARKET
THEY HADN'T MUCH TO SELL
BECAUSE THEY'D EATEN EVERY ONE,
AS I'VE HEARD TELL.



GARLAND DAY.

THE FIRST OF MAY

IS GARLAND DAY.

PLEASE TO REMEMBER

THE GARLAND.

WE DON'T COME HERE

BUT ONCE A YEAR;

PLEASE TO REMEMBER

THE GARLAND.

FATHER'S BOAT.

SEA-GULL, sea-gull, answer me,
Have you seen father's boat at sea?

*How should I know your father's boat
From all the many I see afloat?*

Sea-gull, sea-gull, 'tis easy quite,
There's mother's name on the bows in white;
And whether her sails are set or furled,
She's the smartest craft in all the world.

Sea-gull, sea-gull, answer me,
Have you seen father himself at sea?

*O, how should I your father know
From all the folk in your world below?*

Sea-gull, sea-gull, 'tis easy quite,
There's a lock of his hair just turning white.
You'd find his face 'mid fifty score,
'Tis the dearest face the whole world o'er.







RAKE'S CONFESSION.



DIDN'T take it, indeed, not I ;
I'll tell you the story ; I'll tell you why.

I passed by the larder, Miss, all by myself,
And I saw a fowl on the larder shelf.

I peeped thro' the door, and I said to Myself,
"Don't you think that's a fowl on the larder shelf?"

"There's not the least doubt of it," answered Myself ;
"It's a very fat fowl on the larder shelf."

"Well there, never mind it," said I to Myself ;
"Come away, and don't look at the larder shelf."

So I ran off at once, Miss ; but somehow Myself,
When I wasn't looking, climbed up to the shelf.

But I caught him and scolded that wicked Myself ;
"Come down, sir," I told him, "come down from the shelf."

But he would not obey me, that wicked Myself,
For he eat all the fowl on the larder shelf.





BUT HE WOULD NOT
OBEY ME, THAT WICKED
MYSELF,
FOR HE EAT ALL
THE FOWL OF THE
LARDER SHELF.

"BO" TO A GOOSE.

ADOLPHUS JONES had once been told,
And thought it proper, too,
"Whene'er maybe a goose you see,
Say, 'Bo, goose, Bo to you.'"

Adolphus Jones he took a walk
Upon a summer's day,
When Farmer Spruce's biggest goose
Ventured to stop the way.

Adolphus Jones, that clever child,
Remembered what to do;
In valiant haste the goose he faced,
And shouted, "Bo to you."



Adolphus Jones, that dauntless child,
Cried "Bo" with might and main;
But as the goose stood still and smiled,
He shouted, "Bo" again

"I've never seen you," said the goose;
"You are I don't know who;
But if, you know, it comes to 'Bo,'
I can say 'Bo' to you.

"For all I care you are a hare,
A monkey, or emu;
But this I know, I can say 'Bo'
As easily as you."

Adolphus soon will wiser be,
And learn this truth to tell;
That folks whom you call geese, you see,
May think you geese as well.





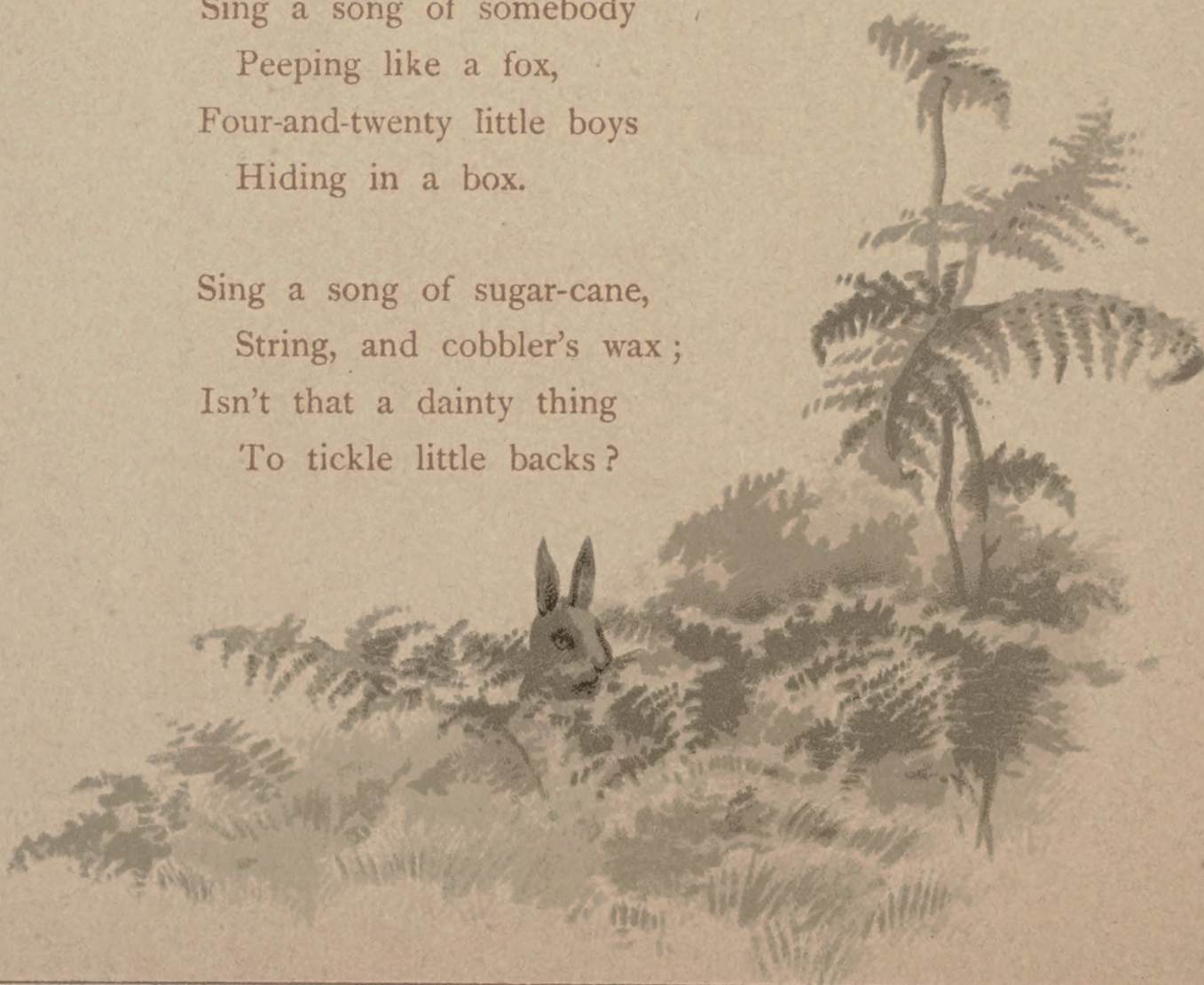
TWO O'CLOCK.

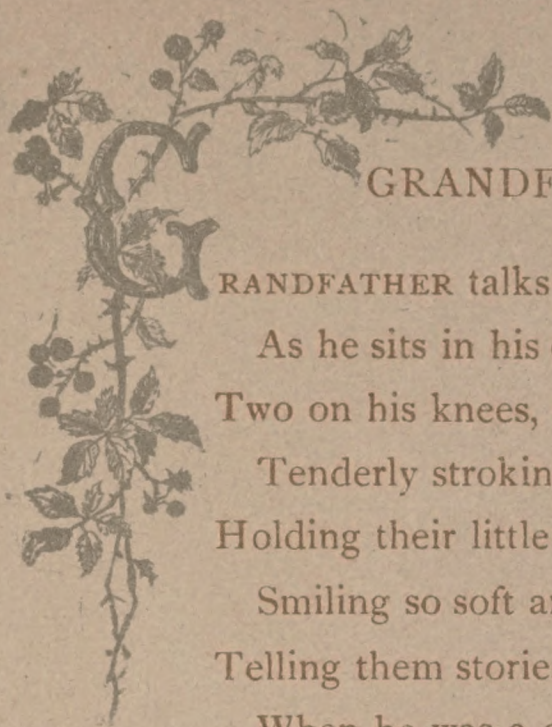
SING a song of two o'clock,
Tadpoles in a pool,
Four-and-twenty lazy boys
Droning in a school.

Sing a song of three o'clock,
Master is not there,
Four-and-twenty little boys
Fighting for his chair.

Sing a song of somebody
Peeping like a fox,
Four-and-twenty little boys
Hiding in a box.

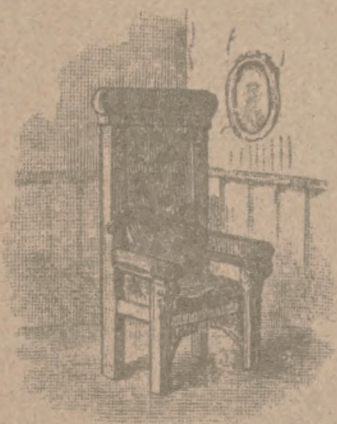
Sing a song of sugar-cane,
String, and cobbler's wax;
Isn't that a dainty thing
To tickle little backs?





GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.

GRANDFATHER talks to his little ones sweet,
As he sits in his old oak chair.
Two on his knees, and three at his feet,
Tenderly stroking their hair.
Holding their little fat hands in his own,
Smiling so soft and mild,
Telling them stories of years long flown,
When he was a child.



Grandfather's chair is empty now,
In the churchyard grandfather lies,
Cold and still is his gentle brow,
Closed are his sweet blue eyes.
The little ones stand with a wistful air,
Round the fire as eve draws on,
And whisper and point to his empty chair,
"Grandfather's gone!"

Grandfather's chair is empty still,
Empty is each one's heart;
Changed is the old home under the hill,
And the children are far apart.
And all are grown, and some are asleep,
For swift have the years fled on,
But the words have their old fond yearning deep,
"Grandfather's gone!"





"WHAT'S O'CLOCK, SWEET MARGERY?"

SAID WILLIE AT THE GATE.

"HALF-PAST KISSING-TIME,

SO YOU ARE JUST TOO LATE."

KISSING-TIME.

M

MARGERY sat in the lane alone,
A "shepherd's clock" she blew;
And "one," she cried, and "two," she cried,
As down the petals flew.
"What's o'clock, sweet Margery?"
Said Willie at the gate.
"Half-past kissing-time,
So you are just too late"

"Half-past kissing-time?"
Said Willie, sore downcast;
"I don't believe your clock is right—
It goes a deal too fast."
And taking her sweet hand in his,
And picking up the flow'r,
He showed her how to put it back
Exactly half an hour.

But that is fifty years ago,
They both are old folks now;
They love to saunter down the lane,
Where first they made their vow.
Those quaint old words, they linger still,
But with a sweeter sound;
'Tis never "Half-past kissing-time"
While love's true wheels go round.





"WILL YOU WALK INTO MY BASKET?"

SAID FANNY TO THE FROG;

"I'VE JUST COME BACK FROM MARKET,

AND THE BASKET'S FULL OF PROG."

"IT DEPENDS UPON THE MARKET,"

GRAVELY OBSERVED THE FROG.

THE FROG'S PHILOSOPHY.

WILL you walk into my basket?"

Said Fanny to the frog;

"I've just come back from market,
And the basket's full of prog."

"It depends upon the market,"
Gravely observed the frog.

"Our dog he likes it well enough,"

Said Fanny to the frog;

"I should not think you often get
A better chance of prog."

"Excuse me, miss," the frog replied,
"You see, I'm not a dog."

"Then keep your muddy pool yourself,"

Said Fanny to the frog;
And, picking up her basket,
Ran homeward to her dog.

"I think perhaps it's just as well,"
Calmly remarked the frog.





DOROTHY DUNN.

Who will marry me, who's the man?

Timothy, Zachary, Peter, or Dan?

Timothy's forward, and Zachary shy,

And Peter's nose it goes all awry ;

While as for Dan, I don't think I can

Marry an ugly and elderly man.

But somehow or other the lovers don't come,

And Dorothy twiddles her finger and thumb ;

Zachary swings all the day on a gate,

And Peter is trying to make his nose straight ;

While as for Dan, he is off to Japan,

Where the ladies declare he's a charming old man.

And Timothy courts all the ladies but one,

And that one is particular Dorothy Dunn ;

If you asked him the reason, he'd say 'twas because

Miss Dorothy is not as sweet as she was ;

While as for Miss D., she says with defiance,

That in man she had ne'er put the slightest reliance.



DAISIES.

I HAVE A FRIEND WHOM I DETEST,
HE DRIVES ME NEARLY CRAZY;
HE ASKS ME WHICH I LIKE THE BEST,
A BUTTERCUP OR DAISY;
AND AM I FOND OF CRUST OR CRUMB,
A MARRIED MAN OR SINGLE;
AND DO I LIKE A THUNDERING DRUM,
OR LOVE A PLAINTIVE JINGLE!



BUTTERCUPS.

AND AM I POOR, OR AM I RICH,
A RADICAL OR TORY?
I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WHICH,
AND DARE NOT TELL A STORY.
"GOOD SIR," I SAY, "DO LET ME REST;
YOU PESTER AND YOU BORE SO:
I LOVE THEM EVERY ONE THE BEST,
AND EACH A LITTLE MORE SO.

THE DOLLS' SEASON.

"O! set the bells ringing,"
The dollies were singing;
"We are all of us going to town,
With roses, and lilies,
And daffydowndillies,
And each in a silken gown."

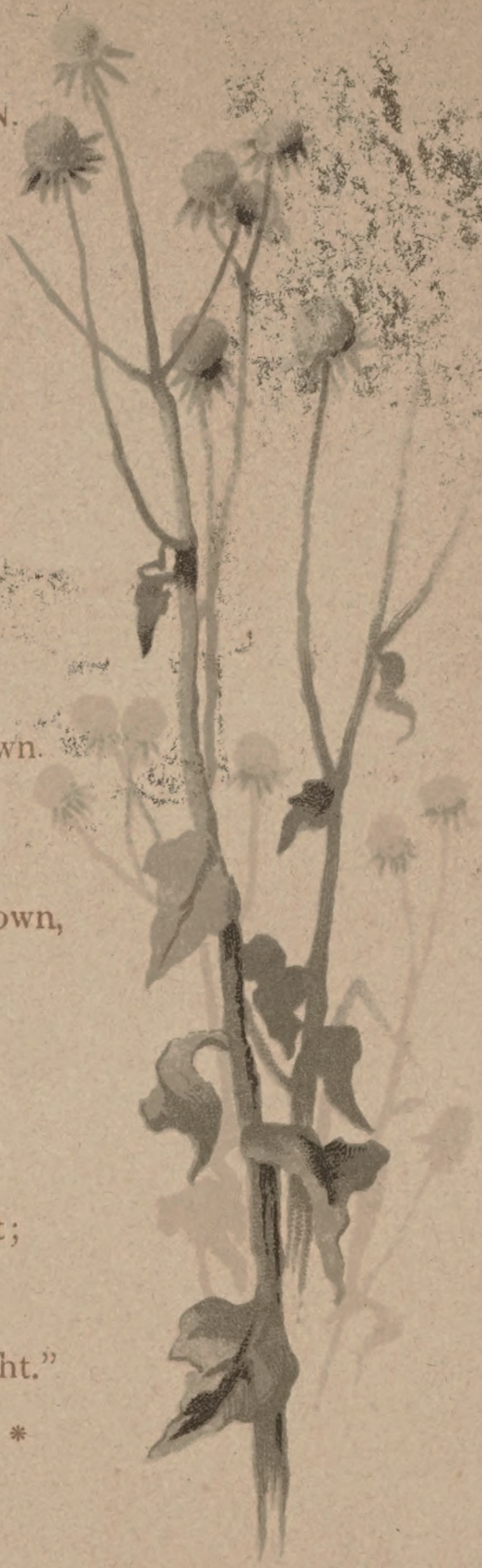
"Of the woods we are weary,
The country is dreary,
Tis desolate, dusty, and brown;
We long for society's
Charming varieties,
We are sure to be first in the town."

"The style of our dresses
Is fit for princesses;
'Twill make the folks jealous in town,
With our roses and lilies,
And daffydowndillies,
And each in a silken gown."

"O, my sawdust is beating,"
They all kept repeating;
Our lovers will love at first sight;
I feel in my stitches
The sweetest of twitches;
Am melting with rapture and light."

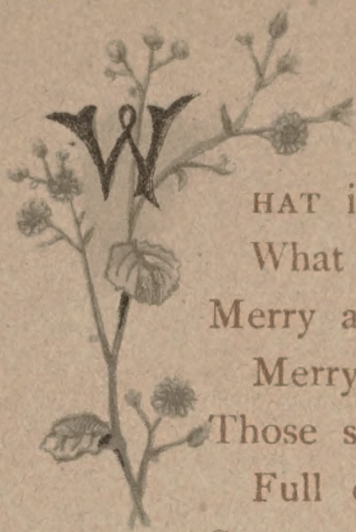
* * * *

The season was closing,
The dolls lay reposing
In tears on a lumber-room floor;
No voices, no laughter
From basement to rafter,
And shut was each window and door.





IN THE DUST AND THE SHADOWS
THEY LONGED FOR THE MEADOWS,
AND THE WOODS WHERE THEY ONCE WERE AT
PLAY;
BUT NO ONE RELENTED,
IN VAIN THEY REPENTED,
FOR THEIR SAWDUST WAS EBBING AWAY.



THE TALE OF THE SEA.

WHAT is the tale of it, mother, mother?
What is the tale of the wide, wide sea?
Merry and sad are the tales, my darling,
Merry and sad as tales must be.
Those ships that sail in the happy mornings,
Full of the lives and the souls of men,
Some will never come back, my darling,
Some will never come back again.

Where are they gone, O mother, mother?
Why is it cruel, the wide, wide sea?
Tears and smiles are our lot, my darling,
Shadow and sun in the world must be.
They hear no longer the loud waves beating,
They feel no longer the cold, cold foam,
They sleep as sweet in the sea, my darling,
As you in your little bed at home.

Will it be so for ever, mother,
That friends must sever and tears must fall?
Not for ever, my child, for ever,
This world is not the end of all.
All will be changed, the earth and ocean,
We know not how and we know not when,
But those who have loved in this world, my darling,
Will meet in that world and be happy then!





WHAT IS THE TALE OF IT, MOTHER,

MOTHER—

WHAT IS THE TALE OF THE WIDE,
WIDE SEA?

MERRY AND SAD

ARE THE TALES, MY DARLING,

MERRY AND SAD, AS TALES

MUST BE.

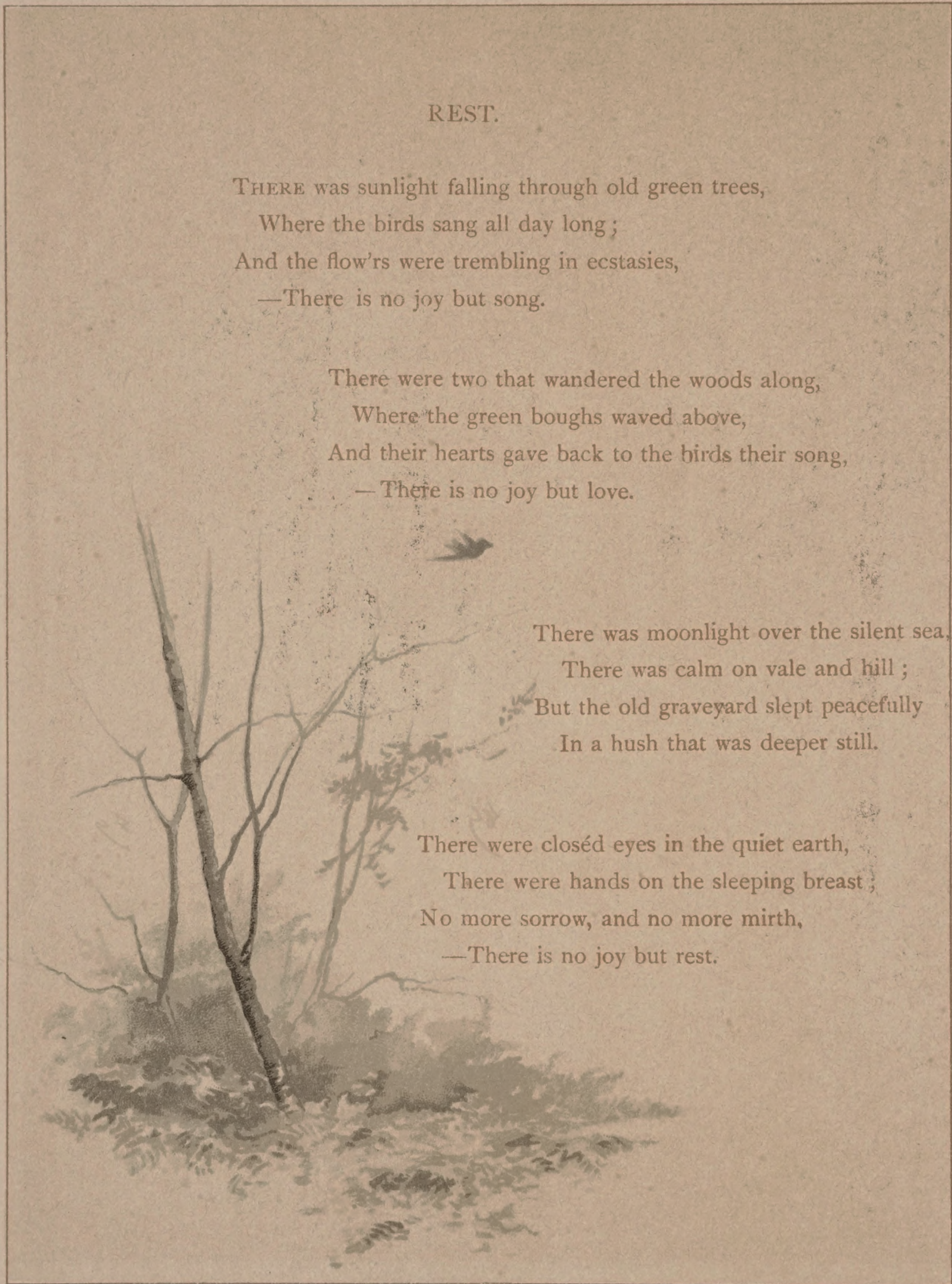
REST.

THERE was sunlight falling through old green trees,
Where the birds sang all day long ;
And the flow'rs were trembling in ecstasies,
—There is no joy but song.

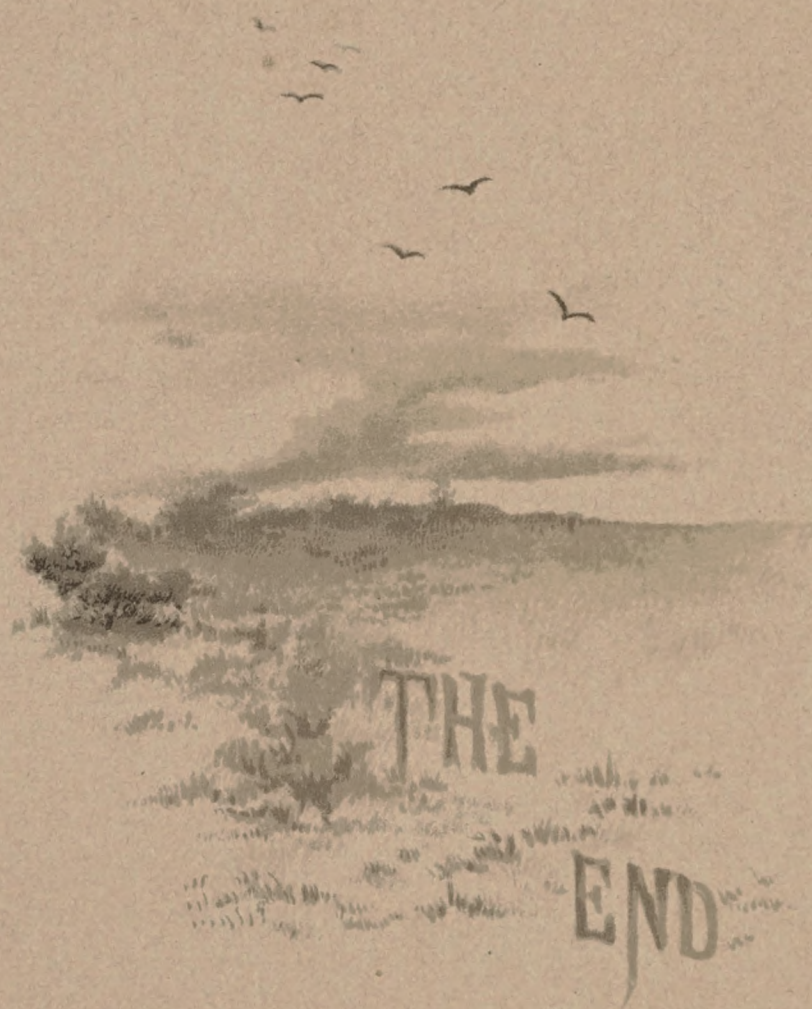
There were two that wandered the woods along,
Where the green boughs waved above,
And their hearts gave back to the birds their song,
— There is no joy but love.

There was moonlight over the silent sea,
There was calm on vale and hill ;
But the old graveyard slept peacefully
In a hush that was deeper still.

There were closed eyes in the quiet earth,
There were hands on the sleeping breast ;
No more sorrow, and no more mirth,
—There is no joy but rest.







43
OUT

OF

TOWN



by
F. E. Weatherly

illustrated

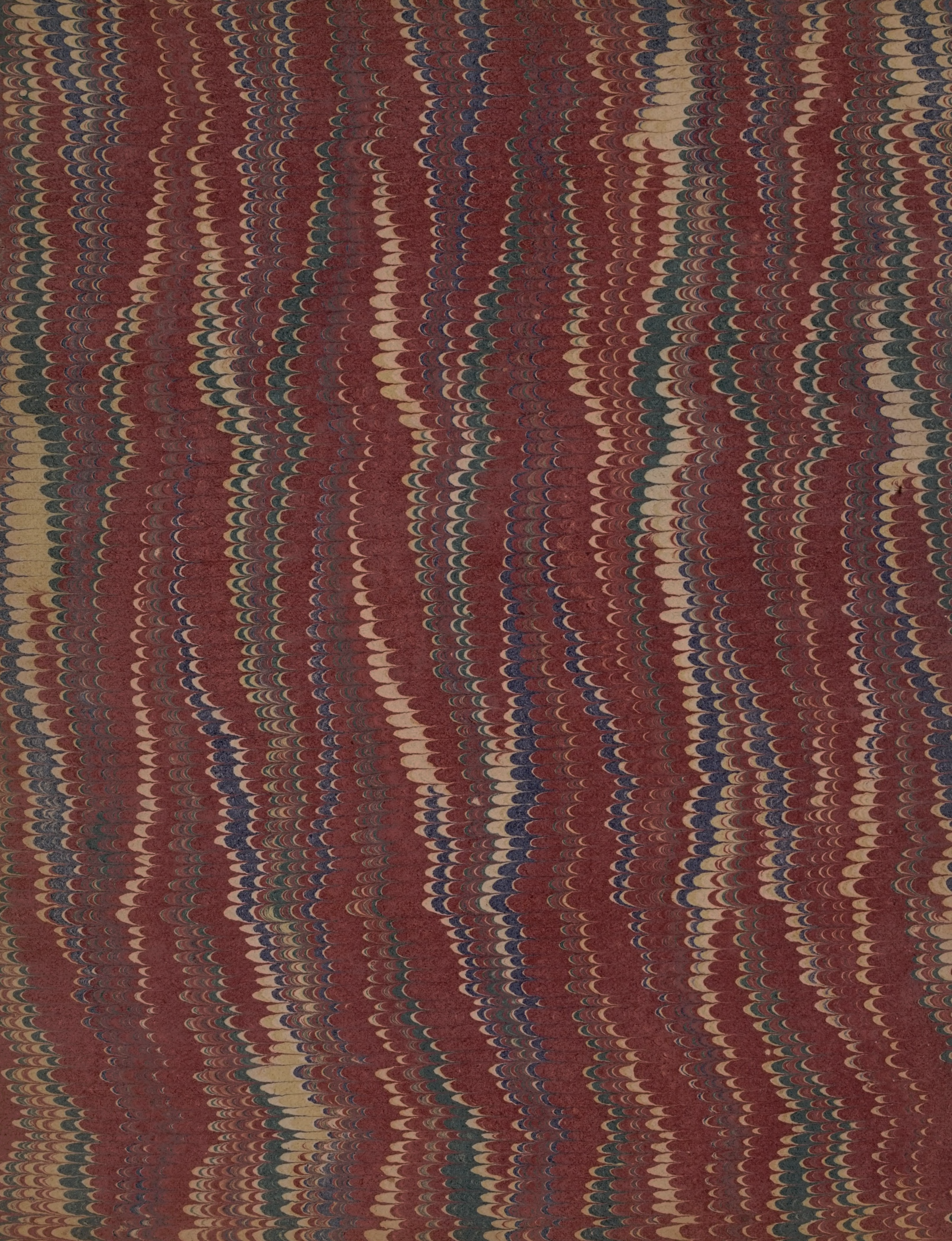
in colour by

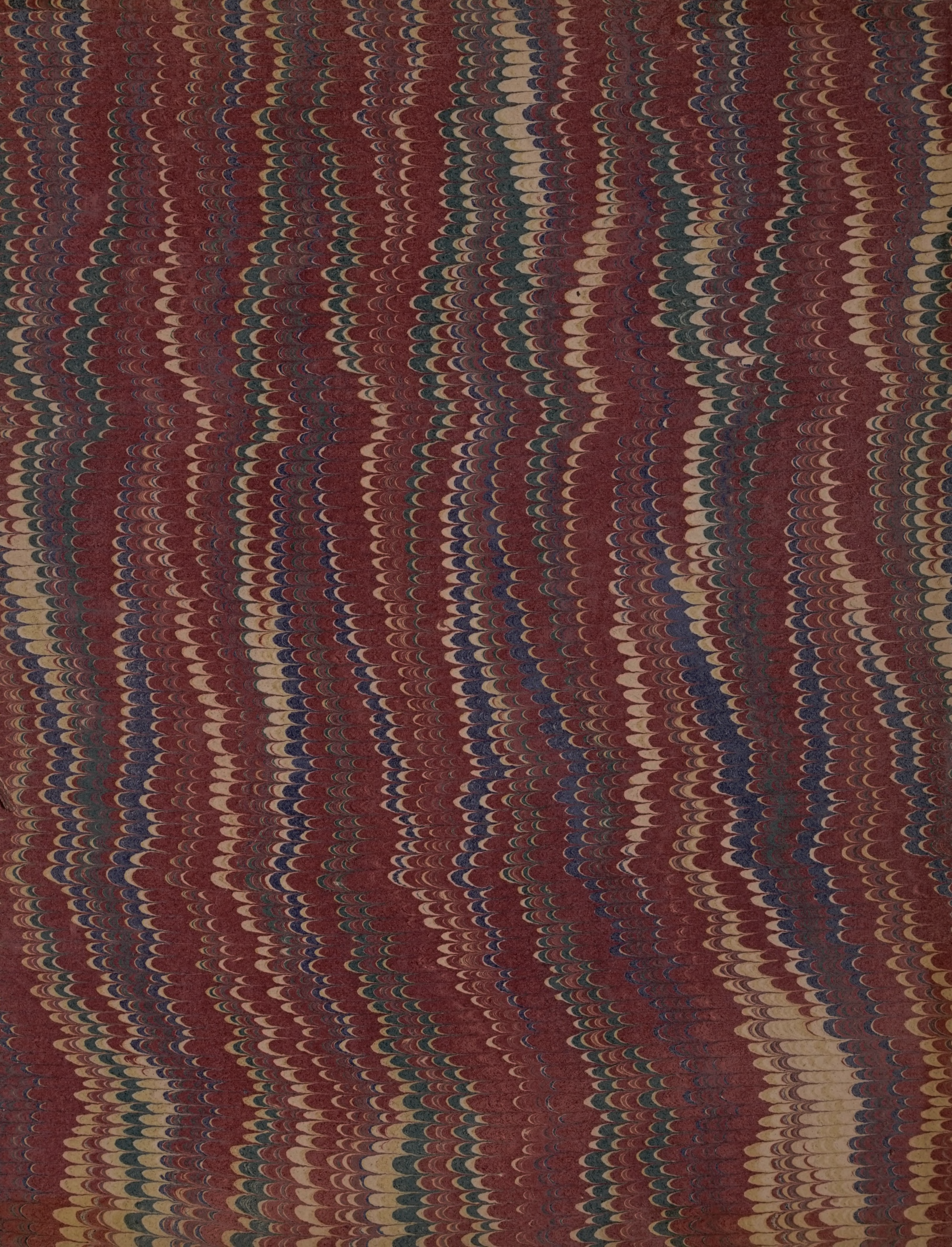
Linnie Watt

monotypes by

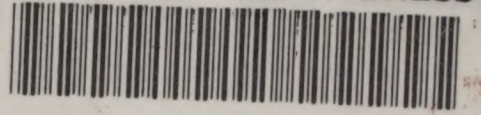
Ernest Wilson

NEW YORK:
E. P. DUTTON & CO.,
39, WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020934700